And comes not in, ouer-rulde by Prophecies,
I feare the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir M. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, L. *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the land together.
The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo Coriuales, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he ſhalbe well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe; yet, needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, *Sir Michell*, ſpeed:
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie;
And t'is but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other friends, and ſo farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, ſir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,
Aboue yon buskie hill, the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prince. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtering day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The Trumpet ſounds. *Enter Worceſter.*

King. How now my Lord of *Worceſter*? t'is not well,
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes,

As now we meete. You haue de
And made vs doffe our eaſie Re
To cruſh our old vneaſie lims in
This is not well, my Lord, this is
What ſay you to it? will you aga
This churliſh knot of all abhorr
And moue in that obedient orb
Where you did giue a faire and r
And be no more an exhal'd Met
A prodigie of feare, and a porte
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnb
Wor. Heare mee, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be
To entertaine the lag-end of my
With quiet houres: For I prote
I haue not ſought the day of thi
King. You haue not ſought
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way
Prince. Peace, Chewet peace
Wor. It pleaſde your Maieſty
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and a
And yet I muſt remember you
We were the firſt and deareſt of
For you, my Staffe of office did
In *Richards* time, and poſted day
To meete you on the way, and k
When yet you were in place, and
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunat
It was my ſelfe, my Brother, and
That brought you home, and b
The danger of the time. You ſw
And you did ſweare that Oath at
That you did nothing of purpoſ
Nor claime no further, then you
The ſeate of *Gant*, Dukedome of
To this, we ſweare our ayde: but
It raind downe Fortune ſhowrin
And ſuch a floud of Greatneſſe fe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Part 1* (STC 22285) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C